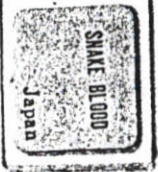
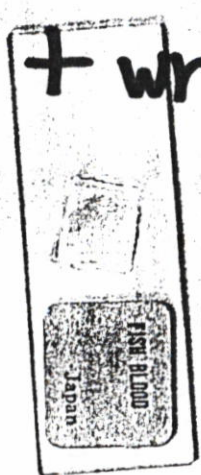
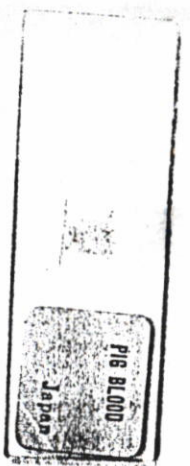


53333-1999



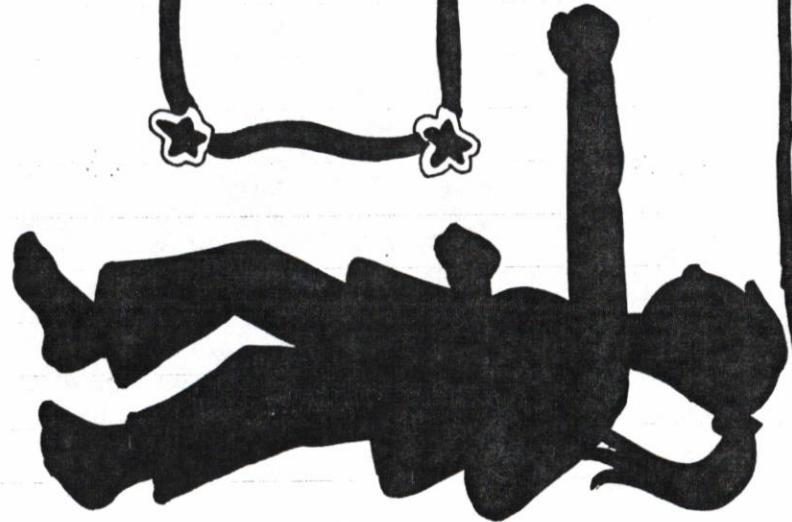
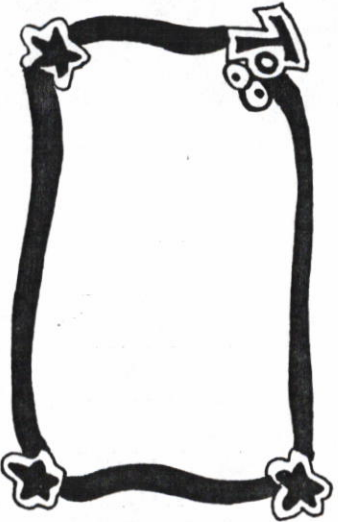
~~banshee~~

#

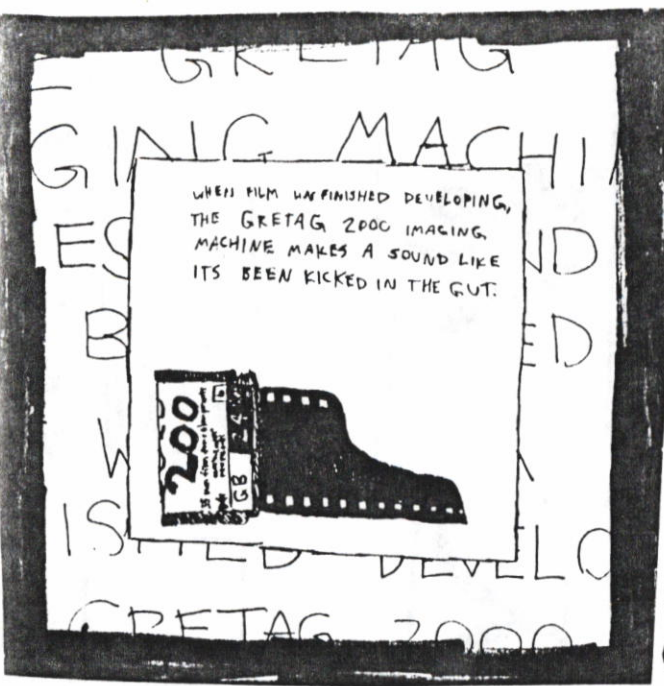
(it's art + writing)

a terrorist production

Miss Rita
6712a Granada Rd
Prairie
Village
KS
66208



back cover by Courtney B



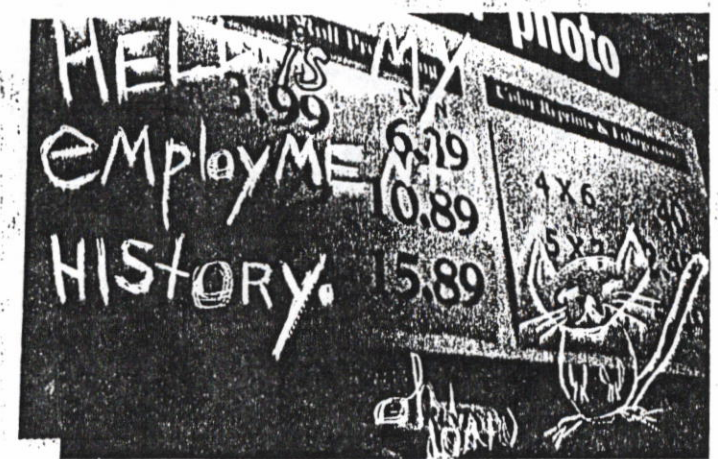
hello.
banshee represents a fissure in my other zine: the art & "fiction" has been slowly driven out of terrorist

and i am driving them back in b/c i resent this! #8 of terrorist has more drawings & is done completely computer-free, as is this issue of banshee, which may be the last as i do want to make terrorist more inclusive, but whatever. Also, some of us are working on Stone Soup Cafe, @ 18th & Oak, and it will include KC's first zine library!!! if you are interested in helping or (especially!!) in donating zines of any sort to the library, call me @ (913)362-7512. This zine is two stamps or a 55¢ stamp or a trade from: back issues of banshee cost the same.

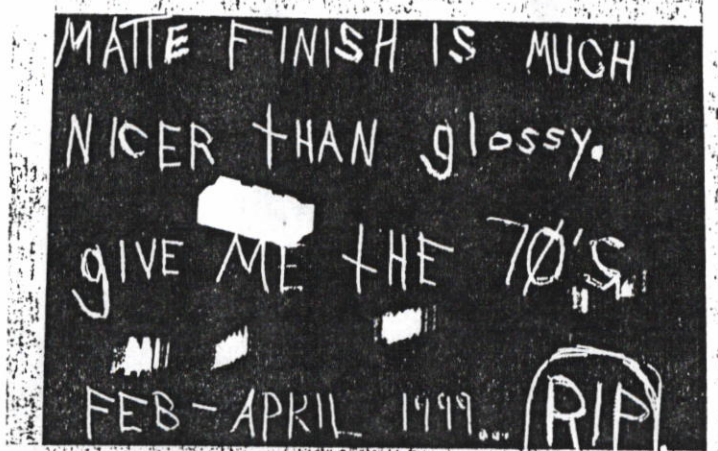
The latest Terrorist (personal/political/staff) is always available for \$1 + 2 stamps or a trade (mixtape, candy, zines, toys, etc)

back cover by the illustrious Courtney Bennett

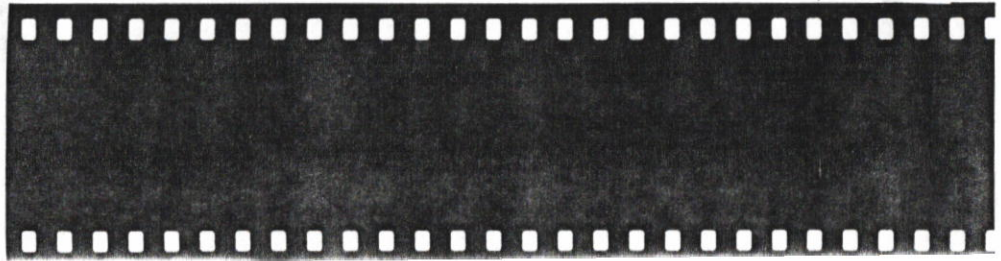
I cannot express it in words. They do not understand the ways; one machine, one employee, one hour? no. this is



not how it works, especially when Duncan brings in six rolls, 36 exposures, double prints, on Monday (aka Busy Hell DAY) & must have them in exactly an hour. When I

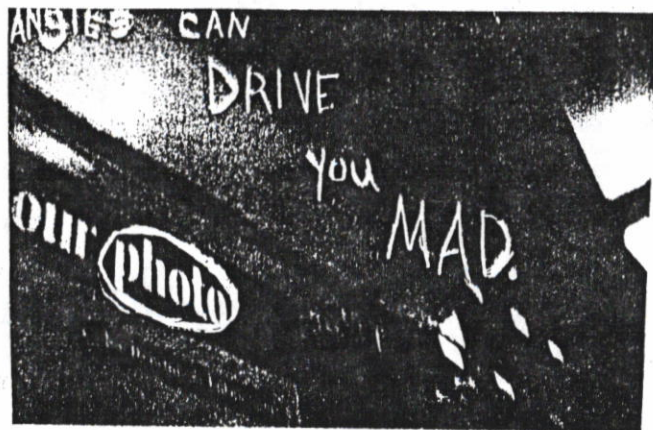


quit a couple days ago, I wrote in my resignation that the job was making me "twitchy + hallucinatory!" I was too chickenshit to talk to my manager myself. I can't have jobs that fill me with hate...

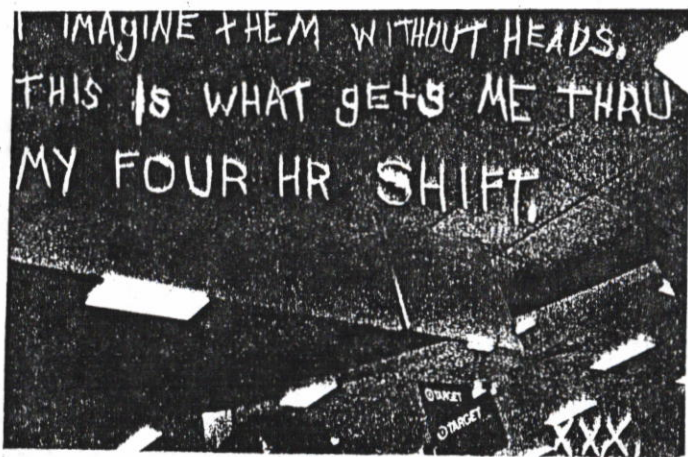


terrorist productions
 6712 Granada road
 prairie village, KS
 66208
 JunkZine@aol.com

One Hair Photo in Super Target was my job



for 2 1/2, 3 months. Everyone that comes in there sticks very very much. I absolutely detest all of the customers, & on good days, pretend



they are viciously being dismembered by the greying 2000 imaging machine. I hate them so very much

one
hair
photo,
the
epic
motion
picture-
one
woman.
one
hour.
twenty
nails
seen
cap
prints.

AND.I.Y. emily & me hear things

"i not slow poke i bot slow poke i not slow poke..."

"...but mom, i'm not WEARIN' a swimsuit!" "i don't have a bedtime!"

"...no mom, i'm wearin' BLOOMERS!" "but MOM! we're outta Sprite!"

"mom, i need the kind the other girls have!!" you know, the spray, & hairspray bottles! NO! NOT AEROSOL! SPRAY!! like "SPRAY" "SPRAY" "mom!!"

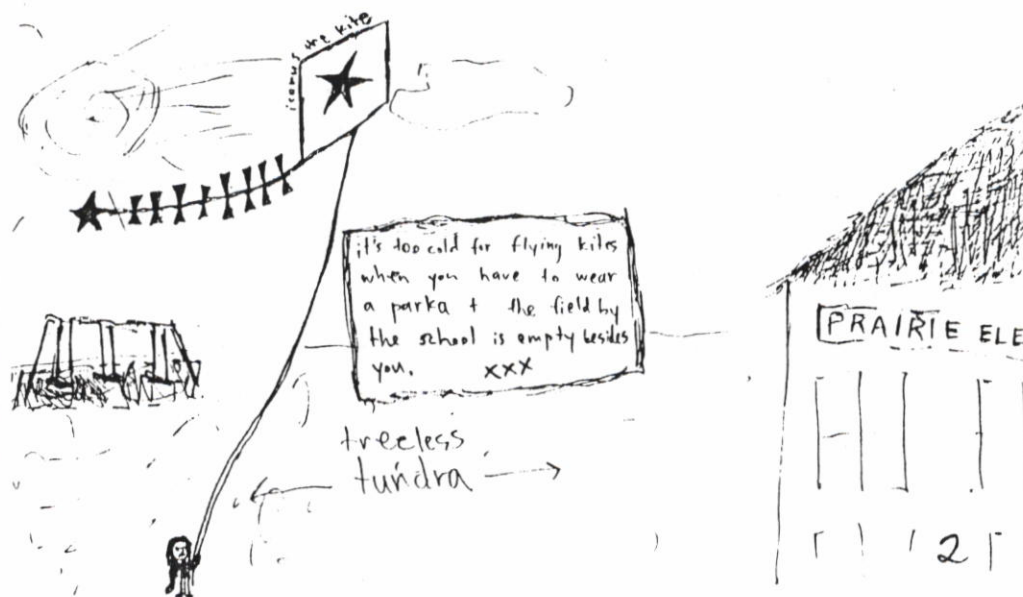
"well, my mom only gives me \$40 allowance, but she won't let me get a job."



"I'm wearing a swimsuit, but I don't have a bedtime!"
also with a blackened eye.
Vernon Van Vliet.
OH NO.

clumsy, clumsy, and...
also with lipless mouth.
oh dear.
also with a 2 week buildup of scum.
shit.

"ow that hurt like the dickens! and tell me, just what does the dickens hurt like? Oh, it hurts like this!"



she always knew he'd come rescue me from ruin prayers
answered.

the chlorine is filling my lungs & is gill-less, gasp for liquid death my feet hit
mirrors imagine high school custodial staff watch me drown thru window cunt
waterlogged & disintegrating upon expanding within, taking over, declaring itself
supreme dictator ruler of my guts.



you fuck-up.

Stone Soup



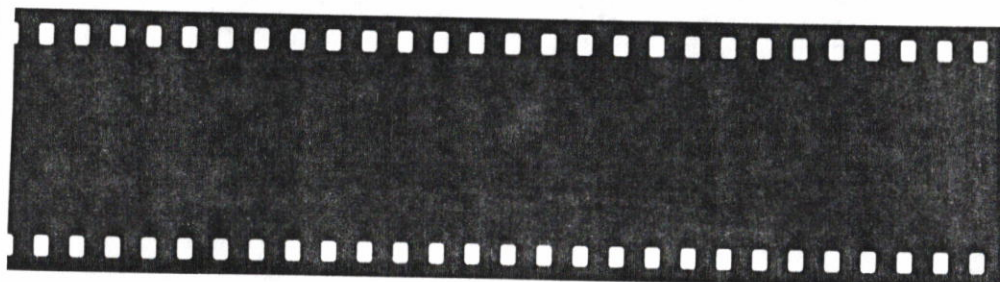
a place where ya go to
eat food, drink coffee,
& listen to great live
music while scopin' out
your friend's art!

816-842-9777
1730 Oak Street
Kansas City MO 64108
www.trios.net/stonesoup



page 11

not in this state... he gurgled a laugh and said to bed to bed
go to bed my dear mydear go to bed my dear goodnight sweet angel
goodnight. angry and disoriented the swirling images of green
fire guts and Tom Wait's blasted thru ~~lived~~ liver playing on
the hi-fi system she slept. the boy stepped out of his parent's
house they were rich/lost beyond belief, he walked the miles to
the beach in the tiny morning hours he was 13 and small for the
age he didn't fit quite, a red cowboy hat and black suit he was
thinkin of the movies, of hero's soliloquies on the moonlit beach
he ~~was~~ was so small and angry there, the moon ~~xxx~~ just short of full
he held his red cowboy hat out then wrenched back and threw it
to the tide devoured it salty, breathy, slimy, seaweed engulfed
like a thousand lover's tongues, laughing like hyenas like the
city when you leave for so long you've forgotten where the streets
are, where 20th & Clark is, when you were born on the coast and
moved back in and out like some kida nomad in the night thru the
dark you travelled with horses and jewels from the coast to inland
where sometimes you're a gangster and sometimes you're a rock on
the beach, a gull cry, but the city wants none of the ocean, and
the ocean none of the city, and this boy was of the fields, and
air and the flame of the campfire so there ~~xxxxxx~~ it is.
and like breaking the windows back downtown, he hoped to break
the ocean that sunrise, with his red hat, in a black suit, against
pale flesh like a fish, but not a gnarled cat-kind just a baby
shark in the water, cutting his teeth, he was, cutting his wrists
like a teenager he was, in the asphalt and mire, amongst the
catfish men ~~x~~ who resented him so, whom he hated so, their redundancy,
their lack of passion, or so he thought cuz maybe there was some
decaying Bukowski in one of those ~~flats~~ flats above his uncle's,
thrusting his withering body into some star-struck girl just maybe
right upstairs he could have heard them even perhaps. the hat
sank and disappeared into the folds and slime of the ocean. the
angel lady's light brown hair plastered around her face makeup
running precisely down her line of vision, caressing the gun,
touching it to her own head as the sun rose, wheeling about and
hysterical talkin to sand and rocks and washed up jollyfish~~x~~ she
wanted to sprinkle with tenderizer the way the ladies on the Florida
beach did to ward them away but she loved them man o' war usually
but not now not this morning weaving on the pier with her one true
love, suckin on the barrel, dreamin of the feeling like nails in
her spine, real, true, feelin like nails in her spine... she
pointed her weapon at the sun risin on the land, towards the catfish
house. the boy stood, silent, barefoot, suited, hatless, stupid.
the cowboy in him sunk now, perhaps forever. his hair stuck up
in tufts and cowlicks, smooth soft hunks of varying lengths, his
eyes blue and biting the ocean, the hat had been a gift and now
he felt silly. he walked back in rose back up still hatless and
brine covered now, merging beautifully with the seascape like a perfect
mixture of Poseidon's daughter and a 50's mobster, but hatless
nonetheless. stared down the vile tide and began the way back,



thinkin about streetlights left on in the early morning glinting off the shells and seaweed tangled in his being now, but here she wheeled backt ~~xxx~~ throw back her head and released climaxed, demonically chattering in her head... 123 pulled the trigger sent it hurtling to boy; the bullet entered through the right temple and never came out again, nestled in the folds and slime of his cranium. he didn't cry out, didn't make a sound, just gasped ~~xxxx~~ in anger and disbelief, affronted, fallin into the tide with his lost cowboy intact, barely loosened, matterx and blood left to tell the story on the rocks. she turned, deliberate, back up the catfish hill back to the gnarled boat man in the catfish gull shit canoe god-knows-why-its-by-the-ocean house, stepping on jellyfish her feet torn and sorex like virgins taken like the minister said it would be so stay outta them abandoned alleys, girls... he waited, naked, lookin out the window at the sun risin, drinkin his morning water smokin his mornin cigarette dreamin of boys but settling for misguided angels, wiping the gunk from the corners. he didn't hear her steps, just the shot lodged in his back; makes a small hole going in but a mess comin out, right? she said and it was so. fell with cigarette in hand, mouth meatx and rotten, out of use and necessity, spit sliding from corners of mouth. she smoked the digarette. walked down the beach, singin. "i wonder

if you care//i wonder if you think about it// once upon a time// in your wildest dreams// in your wi-i-ildent dreams..." and she always hated the Moody Blues but so what? the water glowed red and she bent, saw the eyes full of mouths and dreams ~~xxx~~ and hate and she dragged him up the beach "once upon a time//once when you were mi-i-ine// i remember skies// mirrored in your eyes.." to a red cowboy hat and the seaweed clung to him like a bereaved sibling and the salt stung her feet like a million needles and she laid him down with hat in hand and beside him she took her lover into her mouth and pulled the hammer back... pulled the trigger...

made a sound like nails thudding dully into earth.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ira rita morgan february eighth nineteen 99.



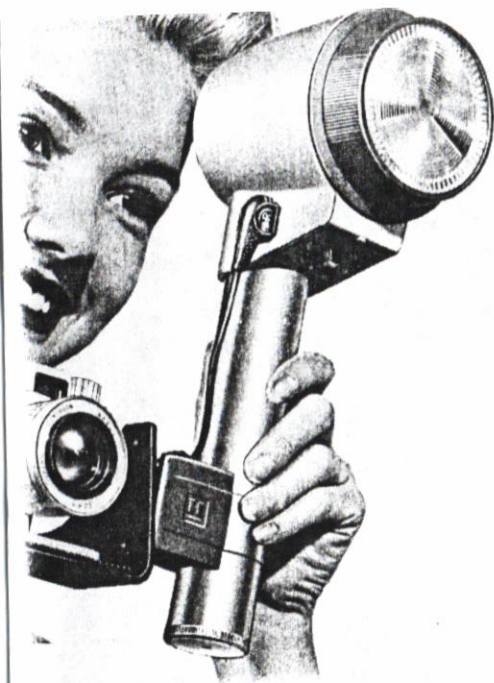
We're worth a lot more than we thought

A STORY FROM RITA

JANUARY 1985

Once upon a time there were some rabbits. And the rabbits' names were Rosepetal, Lilyfair, Daisy, and all the other little rabbits were named Daisy too: Daisy, Daisy, Daisy, Daisy, and Daisy. And there were lots of Rosepetal rabbits too. And Snuffleupagus and Big Bird came from Sesame Street. All of them had to hide because a dozen panthers, a dozen weasels, a dozen wolves, and more and more came by. And Snuffleupagus and Big Bird swallowed them up down to their tummies. And then they caught their hooves at the same time. And they ate all the wolves at the same time too. And turned the weasels into popcorn. The rabbits made all the dozen weasels, wolves, and panthers into blueberry pie, and apple pie, and strawberry pie and they did not even eat them. They threw them out the window. They had to watch what they were doing at the same time. And the weasels got away and rabbits ran away too from the weasels and that'

THE END



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For the exciting new way to flash pictures, connect a Futuramic to your camera. This trim, easy-to-use unit with permanent flashtube automatically recharges itself for each succeeding picture, and the brief flash "freezes" movement to give you the sharpest, clearest pictures you've ever taken. Perfect for both color and black and white, the special quality of Futuramic light allows you to use daylight color film both indoors and out. Most convenient of all, the Futuramic is completely self-contained — it operates on 3 flashlight-size batteries or household current, and efficient dual Honeywell transistors let you flash your pictures for less than a penny each! Ask your photo dealer to demonstrate the Futuramic on your camera soon.

Futuramic Strobolar with 10' AC line cord **5995**

Honeywell



Heiland Photo Products



photography made me do art cuz all i needed was a vision, & then i would create the scene... it was very related to theater for me bc photographs are like movie scenes to me, & there's a story behind the image that anyone can create. doing photography gave me confidence in my vision to do other formats (which rocks for me cuz photo began not being my friend...). I am a big fan of strategically placed lint on photos, & i used to get in trouble for it in my highschool last year cuz my teacher thought it was an accident & i didn't know what i was doing... but i did. damn her.

I WAS WALKING TO YOUR HOUSE IN THE RAIN (Because My Car Was Broken) AND LISTENING TO MARY LON LORD ON MY HEAD PHONES. IT TOOK A VERY LONG TIME (Because I Walk Slowly And I Was Enjoying The Rain On My Skin), AND WHEN I GOT THERE YOU WERE NOT HOME. SO I WAITED WHILE THE TAPE REWOUND ON YR STAIRS. I WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

Soundtrack Listing (oops i forgot that zinesters do too many lists! bitter? me?)
but see... the music i listen to totally directly impacts the way i create/live, so it's important. reviews be damned! i'm recommending!! XOX
diamanda galas = malediction + prayer / the sporting life / masque of the red death; godspeed you black emperor!; catpower = what would the community think?; beat happening = jamboree; **SWANS** = soundtracks for the blind; 7 year bitch = viva zapata!; **THE NEED** = 10"; Bob Dylan = blonde on blonde; Jarboe = 13 masks; Leonard Cohen = Songs from a Room; all Patti Smith Records in existence.



The newest sound in music..

Fashions by Anthony Blotta



RP1120

AS2

OUR FAVORITE

Meatcake quotes:
(meatcake is a comic by the talented & alluring dame darcy & it's published thru funtagraphics)
"i lost my darling needles. DARN!" "i can see yr panties! pant! pant!" "time for eaties, my seraph!" "get yr filthy paws off my silky draws!" "TITS AHOY!!" "i certainly am a fine broth of young woman hood with my 17 year old nubile body & long golden hair..."

OOH. meatcake is by all means my favorite comic. ☆ ☆ ☆

Cheese

adds pleasure to holiday parties...

O Lord, open our lips
And our mouth shall announce
thy praise.

Incline unto our aid O God.



O Lord make haste to help us.



MOM'S A TOP MANAGER—
Add-Mate helps keep tabs
on bills, bank statements,
check stubs, household ac-
counts. (Income taxes,
too!) And it's as easy to
use as a phone!



STUDENT'S GRADES GO UP—
with a dependable Under-
wood Portable. Newest
office machine features...
fast, easy action. Makes
more time for extra ac-
tivities.



FOR DAD, LESS NIGHT-WORK
at the office—He can finish
up details at home. Add-
Mate adds, subtracts, mul-
tiplies, subtotals and to-
tals! Dad's figures are right
every time!

JUST IN CASE
YOU WERE
NEEDING ANY
MORE REASONS TO OWN A TYPEWRITER OR SEVEN...

THIS ZINE = lots of random clips
from old magazines cuz i ♥
them... all the people that don't like zines w/
"too many pictures" can cram it with walnuts (for val)
(q-biv.)

the royal "we"
tough arms tough legs
tough arms tough arms
tough hands tattoo-tough.



Sanibel Shell Hunters Examine a Lion's Paw, a Prize Discovery

ITS a portrait
of christ before the
Ascension silly! don't
you know what a Scension
is? a Scension is one
of those things like
what Harriet the Spy
went in that lady's
house in. But a Scension
is fancier because
when there was Jesus
it hadn't been invented
yet, so he had to go
in the cave instead

mother
mother
hamun just
eatin' of
guts.

